



THE ARIZONA MINER.

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The MINER office is well supplied with Presses, Plan, Fancy and Ornamental Type, and the proprietor is determined to execute all work which he may be favored in the nearest and best style of the art.

Work may be ordered from any part of the Territory, and, when accompanied with the cash, it will be promptly executed and sent by mail, or as directed.

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J. H. MARION,
Editor and Proprietor.

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COLES BASHFORD,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,
Tucson, Arizona.

Will practice his profession in all the Courts of the Territory.

HARLEY H. CARTER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,
La Paz, Yuma County, Arizona.

Will attend to business in all the Courts of the Territory.
sept 1868

JOHN M. ROUNTREE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,
Prescott, Arizona.

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Montezuma street, Prescott, Arizona.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,
Mohave City, Arizona Territory.

Dr. J. N. McCANDLESS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
(Late of the U. S. Army.)

Offers his services to the people of Prescott and vicinity. Can be found, at all hours, except when professionally engaged, at his office, in Allen & White's store, Montezuma street, Prescott.
Prescott, November 7, 1868.

La Paz and San Bernardino.

The Stages of the undersigned, carrying the U. S. Overland Mail, leave San Bernardino, California, every Wednesday morning, on the arrival of the Los Angeles stages, for La Paz, Arizona, arriving at La Paz every Saturday morning and departing every Saturday evening.
1st Passengers, packages, etc., transported at low rates.
Agents—JOSEPH MARSH, San Bernardino; GRAY & CO, La Paz.
WATERS & NOBLE, Proprietors,
San Bernardino, March 20, 1869. ap25m

ARIZONA STAGE LINE.

La Paz to Prescott.

Regular Weekly Trips.
by Stage, with the Mail, will be made between La Paz and Prescott. A four-horse passenger stage will leave La Paz every Saturday, connecting with the stages on the California end of the line, from San Bernardino, arriving at Wickenburg on Mondays, and at Prescott on Tuesdays. Passengers returning will arrive at La Paz on Fridays, connecting with the stage for California that departs Saturday morning.
No Packages, &c., forwarded on reasonable terms.
JAMES GRANT, Contractor.
Prescott, October 2, 1869.

Pioneer Meat Market.

Granite Street, Prescott.

Constantly on hand.

Beef, Pork, Mutton, &c.

Pork Sausages, Potatoes, Onions, &c.

Wm. S. KELLY, Proprietor.
Prescott, November 27, 1869.

REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Fire-Wood, delivered in town, at \$1.00 per cord. Shipments, at \$1.10 per M. These prices are in currency, and are lower than the lowest.
A. B. SMITH,
Prescott, October 22, 1869.

Curious Scene in Egypt—The Sheikh's Ride Over a Roadway of Living Bodies.

The accounts given by special correspondents at Cairo of the festivities in honor of the Prophet's birthday this year are very curious. Among the most singular features of the festival is the ride of the Sheikh over a roadway of living bodies to the mosque, a progress thus recorded:

As a sort of advance guard there came a mob of half-naked men, shouting, yelling, howling. Some whirled round and round, tossing their arms aloft as they whirled; some were foaming at the mouth, others had snakes coiled round their necks, snakes hanging from between their teeth, snakes twisted and squeezed between their hands; some had bare swords, which they brandished in the air. There were men with skewers stuck through their cheeks, men with iron spikes headed with heavy iron balls, who kept spinning the point of the spikes upon their palms till the pieces of the sharp jagged steel, attached by chains to the ball, began to fly round and round, and then they made a feint to bring the whirling balls so near their necks as to lash and gash nose, mouth and eyes with the revolving blades; a feint which, however, was not carried into action, as the police seized them and pushed them on.

As the harsh strains of the band came sharper and clearer, the yelling grew more frantic, the shouts more like the inarticulate cries of animals in pain, less like those of human beings. And then the shrieks, yells and cries were drowned for a moment as the colleges of derbies came marching past, each with its sacred banner and its band of music. There was some attempt at melody, but it seemed to me as if the musicians themselves were carried away by the frenzy of the moment and played upon their instruments as their fingers chanted the fall, while they joined in the yelling shriek of "Allah-el-Allah!" On they came, troop after troop of green turbaned derbies, with their flags and music; and between every two troops there pressed and pushed the rear guard of the mad, screaming mob, which led the way in front. Over the bodies in the street, derbies, flag bearers, players and their followers tramped forward with unshod feet.

Then at the end of the streets appeared the Sheikh himself, mounted on a white Arab steed. Except in a burlesque, I never saw so huge a turban as he wore. The enormous folds of green muslin were wound round and round his head till the weight must have been hard to support, even if your brain were clear; and the wearer, to all outward semblance, was in a dead faint. He looked like a man helplessly drunk, or drugged with the fumes of tobacco till he had lost all consciousness of where he was, all power of using his limbs. His head, surmounted by his huge turban, hung down helplessly over his left shoulder, his frame kept tottering to and fro, so that he would have fallen off the saddle if there had not been men propping him up on either side; his mouth was open, the saliva was running down from the corners of his lips.

The yelling and the shouting had been well nigh deafening before; but now it swelled into a very babel of shrieks and screams as the white horse and his rider were led slowly on over the pavement of bodies. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boots came down over the prostrate figures; and even amid the uproar of the crowd you could hear the dull crunch as the horse trod on his war. As the Sheikh moved onward, the men sprang up from the ground on which they lay, pale as death, half fainting, gasping for breath, writhing as if in mortal pain, they looked one and all as if they were in various stages of epileptic convulsions. Their eyeballs glared out of their sockets; their features were contorted with hideous spasms; they threw themselves about as if they would dash their heads against the stone walls, and struggled fiercely with their friends, whose arms were passed round their shoulders to prevent them from falling to the ground.

Destructibility of the World.

Science discloses that worlds and suns are destructible, and that aggregate humanity itself may be overtaken with sudden annihilation. If it has no spiritual existence and no immaterial sphere. Suns have disappeared from the heavens by conflagration; and the spectroscopic has lately proved that thousands on thousands of miles of hydrogen are blazing about our own sun. As late as last year, a star in the constellation of the Northern Crown (t Corona), suddenly came luminous as a star of the first magnitude; the spectroscopic proved that it was another conflagration of hydrogen, and that the increase must have been accompanied by an increase of heat, which would augment 700 times the heat of all bodies within its influence. Such an explosion on our sun (now actually subject to a similar phenomena on a smaller, and yet a stupendous scale) would consume to vapor our whole system. The fact that these catastrophes do take place in the heavens, is now indisputable; heretofore the sudden illumination and disappearance of suns could not be explained, but the new spectroscopic apparatus demonstrates that they are caused by the combustion of hydrogen gas. St. Peter's picture (Ill. 7-12) of the fate of our system, laughed at by the skeptics, is actually going on, by their own acknowledgment, in distant systems.—*Zion's Herald.*

TIME.—"When I look upon the tombs of the great," said Addison, "every emotion of envy dies in me. When I read the epitaph of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out. When I see the tombs of the parents themselves I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying over those who deposited them; when I see rival wise placed side by side, or holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tomb, of some that died as yesterday, and some of six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

A NON-EXPLOSIVE lamp, filled with non-explosive oil, and capped with a patent non-explosive burner, exploded in Cleveland, Ohio, one night, not long ago. A gentleman in the room suddenly noticed that "the lamp seemed to enlarge." He drew back a step or two, when the lamp exploded, sending a hundred pieces of glass flying through the room. It was standing on a bureau at the time, and was properly trimmed, and in good order; yet with all these "non-explosives," it did explode.

What Are "Good Indians?"

I perceive in your issue of yesterday some remarks on what is said to be a report of General Thomas on the condition of the affairs of the Pima and Maricopa Indians, and I am induced to believe that General Thomas must have received his information from unreliable sources. I was agent for the Pima and Maricopa Indians for six years, and lived on their reservation for ten years, and I am in constant correspondence with persons living in that section of the country; if any great change in the state of affairs had taken place I should assuredly have been informed of it.

The Pimas and Maricopas are good Indians, but, faithful to their savage instincts, they want all they can get, and get all they can, and they steal too; but though they have killed many Mexicans they have not murdered any Americans.

About ten years ago I went about eight miles above their reservation, where at the time they dared not go, unless in large bands, from fear of the Apaches, and I took up a tract of 440 acres of land. The Indians approved of it, and everything was right, until settlers placed themselves on the Gila River, above them; then the Indians came out in their natural character. About 600 white men live near the Gila, higher up than the Indians, and have valuable farms, but none within six miles of the Pimas and Maricopas have, on their return from a fight with the Apaches, turned their horses—80 in number—into the cornfields of the white farmers, when the corn was nearly ripe, and completely destroyed it, and dared the farmers to resent the mischief done. They came to me, as Indian Agent, but what could I do, who had not a cent of public funds at my disposal and never received the first dollar in payment for my services? When they steal horses and cattle, which they do whenever they have a chance, there are no means of restoration.

I can vouch for Colonel Ruggles, the Indian Agent referred to in the Bulletin in General Thomas' report, being an honest man, and I can assert that he has no land within twelve miles of the reservation referred to, and many good, loyal men, who served their country during the war, have ranches above it. If General Thomas had been himself on the spot, I should have believed his report, but knowing the country and people as I do, having interests there, and being constantly posted up to the current events of the place, I feel very much inclined to believe that neither Colonel Ruggles nor any other white man has squatted on the reservation, and that the information on which General Thomas bases his report is the result of some disagreement between those from whom he received it and the alleged squatters.—*A. M. White, in Alta.*

The Future State.

The belief, the hope, that there is a future in which the wrongs of suffering humanity will be righted, has been plowed into the conscience of mankind by the oppression of centuries. But that men held a doctrine of future retribution for wrong-doing they would have sunk into despair. Theodotus ordered the slaughter of the population of a city because his statue had been defaced. Adamitsek cut off the thumbs and great toes of three score and ten kings, and made them gather crumbs under his table. Caesar wished mankind had but one neck that he might hack through it. Justinian blinded the seer of his throne. The King of Dahomey plays sugar and water while a hundred human beings are massacred before his eyes, and their blood is being puddled with the blood of tigers. History paints oppression whirling its bloody tail after man, and man in the madness of his despair flying like Orestes to the temple of God, and there sitting as a suppliant, sullen and resolute: "Here will I keep my station and await the event of judgment." Without a belief in God, the Avenger of all such as call upon Him, and a future life in which the wicked should cease from troubling, and be troubled himself in turn, man, the most down-trodden of all creatures, would wrap his mantle about and sob himself to death. The belief in a just God, and a future state in which wrongs will be redressed, has been forced into prominence to restrain despotism. Even with such a belief the earth is full of violence, but without it would brim over. Take away the idea of responsibility and the fear of future retribution, and the veriest king dog will become a king stork. A belief in a future of rewards and punishments has thus been a natural escape for men groaning under despotism. Under the most stinging wrongs he must and will hope, and hoping believe, that somewhere there is One above the wrong-doer, and that at some time He will recompense the wrong done. When oppression is most intolerable, the conviction of a future of retributive justice is most lively, but when prosperity smiles it is almost forgotten. When absolute monarchy or feudal despotism reeked men wantonly, men trusted that hereafter the king and the noble would write in the agonies they inflicted on their subjects. When the power of the crown and the coronet is assumed by Justice, men hope that there is no future of suffering, or believe that it is easily evaded. Thus in the times when Roman despotism had reached its acme, men burst away from the slavery popularly called citizenship, and realizing with an awful intensity the justice of God, which they imprecated on the tyrants. They fasted and tortured their bodies in dens and caves of the earth, that they might satisfy during life that divine justice which they believed would as surely exact satisfaction for their offenses as it would wreak vengeance on the oppressor for his crimes. If we turn to later ages, when political wrongs doing less in amount, or affects individuals less perceptibly, we find that the sense of Divine justice and the belief in future retribution fade from the religious horizon, and that faith is taught to justify and insure a heaven, even without repentance.—*S. Barling Gould.*

ONE of the exhorters at a Washington prayer meeting, last week, was a man who had left home in the morning with the intention of committing suicide. By the advice of a friend he took the prayer meeting as an alternative, and sold his pistol.

OVER four millions of foreigners are said to have landed at the port of New York in the past ten years, bringing with them over five billions of dollars.

A MURDERER, on being sentenced to be hanged in Terre Haute, Indiana, did not catch the date, and inquired: "When did you say, your Honor, that occurrence was to take place?"

FREE LOVE AND EASY DIVORCES.

The Female Suffragans on Promiscuous Affection—Darkness, Diabolism, and Chaos.

Conventicles and meetings of the women's rights women are increasing East and West, and they are widening the sphere of their discussions from women's rights in the matter of suffrage to "everything in the heaven above, in the earth below, and in the waters under the earth." But at the last Woman's National Suffrage Association meeting in this city, the McFarland-Richardson tragedy, with all its shocking details and teachings, was the engrossing subject of the evening's debates and resolutions.

Mrs. Norton led off in a resolution against the manufacturing of public opinion in behalf of an assassin, declaring that "had Sickles and Cole both suffered the just punishment of their crimes this (Richardson) murder would never have been committed." Upon this hint a woman's rights man of the free love order, named Pool, took up the subject. He contended that the divorce laws of New York were not free and easy enough; that the death-bed marriage of Richardson and Mrs. McFarland upon that Indiana divorce was a glorious thing, though in defiance of the laws of New York; that women are loaded down with laws, and he objected to all laws affecting women, because they are women, and so on. Next came Mrs. Blake, who, having a husband of her own, did not admire these lax divorce laws of the Western States. In France during the Reign of Terror, when the divorce laws were relaxed, a woman could not go to a public assemblage without seeing six or eight different husbands, and Mrs. Blake did not want anything of that kind. Mrs. Norton, for her part, thought that a state of society which allowed a woman six or eight husbands was much better than the order of society under which a poor woman was obliged to live with a husband she detested. This, surely, was "speaking right out in meeting." Mrs. Sumnerby, horrified, no doubt, at Mrs. Norton's ideas of women's rights, suggested that the real question before the society was woman's right to the ballot.

A certain Dr. Hoerber here put in his out, contending that women's rights in matrimony were dependent upon their possession of the right of suffrage. In the deplorable fact that some of the newspapers had come forth to the defense of Mrs. McFarland you could see how women are treated. In fact, he pronounced our present system of marriage as nothing but prostitution. Mrs. Norton backed up this free love doctor, and contended that the question of suffrage and the question of divorce laws were mother and child. This simply meant that the ultimatum of these women's rights associations is free love and easy divorces.

This, then, as the upshot of woman's rights, is the entertainment to which the American people are invited—free love and free and easy divorces—comprehending the abolition of the family, and the substitution of the Fourierite phalanx or the juvenile asylum for the children of the community. What a horrible mass of darkness, diabolism, and chaos, to be sure! In the face of such impudent and startling revelations from these free love men in petticoats and these old women in breeches, and in view of their atrocious designs upon society, McFarland will be apt to be considered the avenger of an outraged community rather than an offender against its laws. Indeed, with a few more of these outspoken free love women's rights meetings on the Richardson assassination it will be impossible to obtain a jury on the case.—*New York Herald.*

Divine Ownership.

"The hand that made us is Divine." In every part and in the harmonious whole, we see the traces of the Divine hand which has formed us. Our whole being bears the stamp of Divine ownership. A human temple, with mighty pillars, cruciform with the praise of the Great Architect; of exquisite workmanship throughout; the very ideal of perfection and goodness; whose windows, polished and transparent, reflecting and conducting the purest light from heaven, are set towards the skies that angels only might look in. A temple of the Holy Ghost, a human habitation for the indwelling of God.

Such are the possibilities of our nature, and such is good truth they are when harmonized with the Divine will.

The perfect man is he who carries himself with obedience to the voice of his Creator; who listens and obeys; who allows the natural ties that bind him to his Creator and eternal life to utter their claims before the world, and who, setting store by real happiness, urges every faculty within him toward the goal of conformity to the Divine will in all things. He does not deny conscience, but he denies the world and sin. He does not deny his reason, while he tramples under foot the vain philosophies of men. He does not deny his life any rational delight or pleasure, while he "counts all things but loss" for the excellent knowledge of God which he employs and pursues.

He recognizes the great truth of the deep want of his communion with the Creator; that the soul, so wonderful and so aspiring, rests and rejoices only when in the complacent presence of its great original—the source and end of all perfection.

SALT FOR CHIMNEYS.—In building a chimney, put a quantity of salt into the mortar with which the intercourses of brick are to be laid. The effect will be that there never will be any soot in that chimney. The philosophy is thus stated: The salt in the portion of the mortar which is exposed, absorbs moisture from the atmosphere every damp day. The soot thus becoming damp, falls down into the fire-place. This appears to be an English discovery. It is used with success in Canada.

THE French are a cheerful race, and find a joke in things where no other people would think of looking for one. A short time since a steamboat explosion on the lower Mississippi blew a Frenchman's better half into the bushes, whereupon the bereaved husband, when he heard of the disaster, exclaimed, "Farewell, much steamed wife!"

ETERNITY has no grey hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, but time writes no wrinkles on eternity. Eternity! O, studious thought! Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for their grave; its palaces, they are but the gilded sepulchre; its pleasures, they are bursting bubbles. Not so in the untired bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay.—*Ex.*

Extraordinary Story.

The Most Remarkable Father and Son of the Age.

A most remarkable case of insanguineous affection and sympathy is that of a father and son living in the adjoining county of Fleming. The father is about forty-five years of age, and the son is not yet twenty. When one has any complaint the other is similarly affected. If the father has the headache, the son has it at the same time; if one suffers with the toothache, the other also suffers with it; when one gets a cold, the other gets it also; and so it goes on through all the catalogue of ordinary complaints. But yet more remarkable still is the similarity of their appetites, temperaments and general actions. What one likes and eats; and what one dislikes and won't eat, the other dislikes and won't eat. If one becomes angry, or gloomy, or happy, at the same degree and at the same time is the other angry, or gloomy, or happy. They sneeze at the same time, and sleep the same number of hours; and, the most remarkable of all, they dream at the same time, and the dream of one is the same as that of the other. We might go on and enumerate many other instances of the relationship existing between this father and son, though the above are sufficient as showing how strange and remarkable that relationship is.—*Carlisle (Ky.) Mercury.*

The Children's Crusade.

Curious Fact of History—The Most Remarkable and Disastrous of the Crusades.

[From Harper's Magazine for December.]

One of the most startling effects of this monkish delusion was the crusade of the little children. A band of 50,000 children from Germany and France set out in 1212 to redeem the holy sepulcher. A peasant child of Vendome first assumed the cross in France, and soon an increasing throng of boys and girls gathered around him as he passed from Paris to the South, and with a touching simplicity declared that they meant to go to Jerusalem to deliver the sepulcher of the Saviour. Their parents and relations in vain endeavored to dissuade them; they escaped from their homes; they wandered away without means of subsistence; and they believed that a miracle would dry up the Mediterranean Sea and enable them to pass safely to the shores of Syria. At length a body of seven thousand of the French children reached Marseilles, and here they met with a strange and unlooked for doom. At Marseilles were slave traders who were accustomed to purchase or steal children in order to sell them to the Saracens. Two of these monsters, Ferres and Porcus, engaged to take the young crusaders to the Holy Land without charge, and they set sail in seven ships for the East. Two of the vessels were sunk on the passage, with all their passengers, the others arrived safely, and the happy children were sold by their betrayers in the slave markets of Alexandria and Cairo. Other large bodies of children came from Germany, across the Alps. Many perished from hunger, heat and disease; and a few were enabled to die on the sacred soil of Syria; and it is estimated that fifty thousand of the flower of European youth were lost in the most remarkable of the Crusades.

What He Would Do.

This is what M. Quad of the Detroit Free Press, says he would do, if, on returning home at evening, "Mother has scooted with another man." I would pry open the door with an ax, look into my secretary to see if Mrs. Quad took away, in her base flight, the half a dollar which I had accumulated by long and successful industry; I would set the cold potatoes on the table and bid the children weep no more, and then when we had supper sumptuously, I would say to my second child; Long Primer solid, step over to Corvode's and say to him that your father would like a short conversation with his aunt. And when the aunt had come, I would arise and point to my children and say, "Hannah, these are my jewels. Once they had a mother, as all children have, but during my temporary absence at my post of duty, she and the cross-eyed stork tender took the Flying Scud for Toledo. I am a lone man. These are my lone children. I have observed you many times during the past year, and have thought of you much. If you are not in any other business, suppose that—that—Right here, of course, I should break down, as every man does when proposing matrimony. But Hannah would understand my blunders and confusion. Interpret them aright, and she would softly say: "One good turn deserves another—yours till death do us part." And I would go out to Chicago in the morning for a divorce.

JAPANESE SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Methodist gives the following description of Japanese sleeping accommodations:

"As I was about to pass my first night in a Japanese house, I watched anxiously the preparations for sleeping. These were simple enough: a mattress in the form of a very thick quilt, about seven feet long by four wide, was spread on the floor, and over it was laid an ample robe, very long and heavily padded, and provided with large sleeves. Having put on this night dress, the sleeper covers himself with another quilt, and sleeps—that is, if he has had some years' experience in the use of the bed. But the most remarkable feature about a Japanese bed is the pillow. This is a wooden box about four inches high, eight inches long, and two inches wide at the top. It has a cushion of folded papers on the upper side to rest the neck on, for the elaborate manner of dressing the hair does not permit the Japanese, especially the women, to press the head on the pillow. Every morning, the uppermost paper is taken off from the cushion, exposing a clean surface, without the expense of washing a pillow-case. During my stay in the country, I learned many of the customs, mastering the use of the chop-sticks, and accustoming my palate to the raw fresh fish, but the attempt to balance my head on a two inch pillow I gave up in despair, after trying in vain to secure the box by tying it to my neck and head."

THE Radical difficulty in Virginia—the bursting of the carpet-bag.—*N. Y. Leader.*

CONCERTED party—"Aw, I say, must I law, take a ticket for a puppy?" Ticket clerk (meditatively)—"No! you can travel as an ordinary passenger."